

At the Summer Resort.  
"I think I've seen you before some-  
where."  
"Yes, I think so. Let's see, you and  
I were engaged to be married four  
seasons ago, weren't we?"

**TAKE A FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT**  
After a long day's work, or two Allen's Foot-  
Baths (Antiseptic Tablets for the foot-bath)  
in the water. It will take out all soreness,  
smarting and tenderness, remove foot  
odors and freshen the feet. Allen's Foot-  
Baths instantly relieve weariness and  
sweating or inflamed feet and hot nerv-  
ousness of the feet at night. Then for  
comfort throughout the day, shake Allen's  
Foot-Bath the antiseptic powder into your  
shoes. Hold everywhere. Allen's Foot-Bath  
substitutes. Samples of Allen's Foot-Bath  
mailed FREE or our regular sale sent by  
mail for 5c. Address Allen S. Olmsted,  
Lafayette, N. Y.

**"Foot-Baths for Foot-Tubs."**  
An Answer in Kind.  
"How did the trouble in the family  
start?"  
"The wife, it seems, got tired of her  
husband's heavy hand."  
"Why didn't she simply make a  
light retort?"  
"She did. She threw the lamp at  
him."

**Watch Your Refrigerator.**  
You'll save many a doctor's bill by  
watching your refrigerator. Keep it  
absolutely clean all the time. The best  
way to clean it is to take clean hot  
water, make a suds with Easy Task  
soap and wash every nook and corner  
in the ice box or refrigerator. Then  
the food doesn't get smelly and carry  
disease germs to the table. Easy Task  
soap, being made of pure coconut oil,  
borax, naphtha and clean tallow, is an-  
tiseptic as well as cleansing. It is a  
wonderful soap—and a nickel a cake.

**Midas.**  
Midas had come to that point in his  
career where everything he touched  
turned to gold.  
"What shall you ever do with the  
stuff?" asked his entourage in visible  
alarm.  
Midas affected not to be uneasy.  
"Just wait till the boys begin to touch  
me!" quoth he, displaying an ac-  
quaintance with economic tendencies  
far in advance of his age.—Puck.

**Statistics Go Lame.**  
"Pears' t' me thar's somethin'  
wrong with statistics," remarked the  
oldest inhabitant as he dropped into  
his usual place on the loafers' bench.  
"What's wrong with 'em?" queried  
the village grocer.  
"Well, erordin' tew 'em," continued  
the o. l., "we orter hev had a death in  
town ev'ry six weeks fer 't' past  
tew years."

"Is that so?" said the grocer.  
"Yass," answered the other, "an'  
by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

**Looked Like a Pattern.**  
"My dear," asks the thoughtful hus-  
band, "did you notice a large sheet  
of paper with a lot of diagrams on it  
about my desk?"  
"You mean that big piece with dots  
and curves and diagonals and things  
all over it?"

"Yes. It was my map of the path  
of Halley's comet. I wanted to—"  
"My goodness! I thought it was that  
pattern I asked you to get, and that the  
dressmaker, in cutting out my new  
shirtwaist by it!"—Chicago Evening  
Post.

**What's the Answer?**  
We're ready to quit! After sending  
two perfectly rhymed, carefully scan-  
ned, pleasurable sentimental pieces of  
poetic junk to seventeen magazines  
and having them returned seventeen  
times, we turn to the current issue of  
a new monthly and find a "pome"  
modeled after Kipling's "Vampire,"  
and in which home is supposed to  
rhyme with alone, run on page eleven  
with all the swell curlicues ordinarily  
surrounding a piece of real art. If  
poetry is a gift we are convinced  
that this poet's must have been. As  
for us, we are on our way to the wood-  
shed to study the psychology of the  
ex or any other old thing that hasn't  
to do with selling poetry to maga-  
zines.

**Foxy Hiram.**  
"Well, now, if that ain't surpris-  
ing!" ejaculated Mrs. Kypot, as she shaded  
her eyes with her hand. "There goes  
old Hiram Skinfint, and rather than  
step on a poor black ant he picked it  
somewhere out of the reach of dan-  
ger."

Her husband laughed knowingly.  
"Not Hiram Skinfint, Mandy. He'll  
go down to Jed Weatherby's general  
store and order a pound of granulated  
sugar. Then while Jed is looking an-  
other way he'll drop the ant among  
the grains and tell Jed as long as his  
sugar has ants in it he ought to sell it  
at half price. Like as not he'll try to  
get Jed to throw in two or three  
raisins and a yeast cake. You don't  
know Hiram Skinfint."

**Compound Interest**  
comes to life when the body  
feels the delicious glow of  
health, vigor and energy.

**That Certain Sense**  
of vigor in the brain and easy  
poise of the nerves comes  
when the improper foods are  
cut out and predigested.

**Grape-Nuts**  
take their place.  
If it has taken you years  
to run down don't expect one  
mouthful of this great food  
to bring you back (for it is  
not a stimulant but a  
rebuilder.)

Ten days trial shows such  
big results that one sticks  
to it.

**"There's a Reason"**

Get the little book, "The  
Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.,  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

# THE QUICKENING

—BY—  
**FRANCIS LYNDE**  
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**CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)**  
The mile walk down the pike, by the  
white and ghostly under the starlight,  
was paced in silence, man and boy  
striding side by side and each busy  
with his own thoughts. As they were  
passing the Deer Trace gates a loose-  
jointed figure loomed black against the  
pillars, and the voice of Japheth Pet-  
tigraas said:  
"Why, howdy, Brother Silas! Thought  
you'd gone back to South Trede-  
mar. When are you comin' out to lat-  
tle the Zoar ag'in to give us another of  
them old-fashioned, spiritual times of  
refreshin' from the presence of the  
Lord?"  
"Why do you ask that, Japheth Pet-  
tigraas? The Lord will deal with you,  
one day."  
"Yes, I reckon so; that's what makes  
me say what I does. There's a heap of  
sinners left round here, yit, Brother  
Silas. There's the Major, for one, and  
I know you're always countin' me in  
for another. I dunno but you might  
snatch me as a brand from the burnin',  
if you could make out to try it one  
more lap around the cou'se. I been  
thinkin' right p'intedly about—"  
"The preacher had out in with a  
curt 'Good-night,' and was gone, with  
his broad-shouldered nephew at his  
heels; and the horse-trader went on  
with the stars for his audience.  
Pettigraas was groping for the gate  
latch when a hand fell on his shoulder,  
and a clutch that was more than half  
a blow twisted him about to face the  
roadway. He was doubling his fists  
for defense when he saw who his as-  
sailant was.  
"Why, Tom-Jeff! what's allin' ye?"  
he began; but Tom broke in with gasp-  
ings of rage.  
"Japheth Pettigraas, what did you  
think you saw last Wednesday fore-  
noon up yonder at Big Rock Spring on  
mountain? Tell it straight, this time,  
or I'll dig the truth out of you with  
my bare hands!"  
"She, now, Tom-Jeff; don't you git  
so servigious over nothin'. I didn't  
see nothin' but a couple o' young fly-  
aways playin' possum in a hole in the  
big rock. And I'll leave it to you if I  
didn't call Cassear off and go my ways.  
I like I'd like to be done by."

"Yes; and then you came straight  
down here and told my uncle!" The  
hand he had been holding behind him  
came to the front, clutching a stone  
smoothed by the weathering of the  
pike as he ran. If I should break your  
face in with this, Japheth Pettigraas,  
it wouldn't be any more than you've  
earned!"  
"I tell Brother Silas on you, Tom-  
Jeff. You show me the man at say-  
ing I done any such low-down thing as  
that, and I'll frazzle a fifty-dollar  
hawsawp out on his ornery hide—I  
will, so. Say, boy, you don't certain-  
ly believe that o' me, do ye?"

"I don't want to believe it of you,  
Japheth," quavered Tom, as near to tears  
as the pride of his eighteen years  
would sanction. "But somebody saw  
and told, and made it a heap worse  
than it was."  
"Who do you reckon it was told on  
you? Was there anybody else in the  
big woods that mornin'?"  
"Yes; there were three men testing  
the pike-line, from both new towns, and  
Nan was scared stiff at sight of one of  
them; that's why I put her up in that  
hole."

"When you find out who that feller  
is that Nan's scared of, you can lay  
your hand on the man that told Broth-  
er Silas on you. But I wouldn't trou-  
ble about it now, I was just sayin'."

The dinner at Woodlawn that night  
was a stiff and comfortless meal, as it  
had come to be with the taking on  
of four-tined forks and the other con-  
ventions for which an oak-paneled din-  
ing-room in an ornate brick mansion  
was the scene. Each new town was fa-  
thering on the mechanical problems  
of the day's work, as was his wont.  
Silas Crafts was abstracted and silent.  
Tom's food choked him, as it had need  
under the sharp stress of things; and  
the convalescent housemother remained  
at table only long enough to pour  
the coffee.

Tom excused himself a few minutes  
later, and followed his mother to her  
room, climbing the stair to her door,  
laden-footed and with his heart ready  
to burst.  
"Is that you, Thomas?" said the gen-  
tle voice within, answering his tap on  
the panel. "Come in son; come in and  
sit by my fire. It's right chilly to-  
night."

Thomas Jefferson entered and placed  
his chair so that she could not see him  
without turning, and for many minutes  
the silence was unbroken. Then he  
began, as he began he must some time  
and in some way.  
"Mammy," he said, feeling uncon-  
sciously for the childish phrase, "mam-  
my, has Uncle Silas been telling you  
anything about me?"

"Something, Thomas, but not a great  
deal. You have had some trouble with  
Doctor Tolliver?"  
"Yes."

"I have known that for some little  
time. Your uncle might have told me  
more, but I wouldn't let him. There  
has never been anything between us to  
break confidence. Tom, I knew you  
would tell me yourself, when the time  
came."

"I have come to tell you to-night,  
mammy. You must hear it all, from  
beginning to end. It goes back a long  
way—back to the time when I used  
to let me kneel with my head in your  
lap to say my prayers; when you used  
to think I was good."

The fire had died down to a few  
glowing masses of coke on the grate  
bars when he had finished the story of  
his wanderings in the valley of dry  
bones. Through it all, Martha Gordon  
had sat silent and rigid, her thin hands  
lying clasped in her lap, and her low  
willow rocking-chair barely moving at  
the touch of her foot on the fender.

But when it was over, when Tom  
his voice breaking in spite of his ef-  
forts to control it, told her that he  
could walk in the way she had chosen  
for him only at the price a conscious  
hypocrite must pay, she reached up  
quickly and took him in her arms and  
wept over him as those who sorrow  
without hope, crying again and again,  
"O my son Abasalom, my son, my son  
Abasalom! would God I had died for  
thee, O Abasalom, my son, my son!"

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
Once in a lifetime for every young-  
ster climbing the facile or difficult slope  
of the years there comes a day of real

Meaning, ruin was imminent. The af-  
fairs of the company were in the ut-  
most confusion; the treasury was em-  
pty, and there were no apparent assets  
apart from the idle plant. Creditors  
were pressing the discharged work-  
men, led by the white coal-miners  
were on the verge of riot; and Major  
Dabney's royalties on the coal lands  
were many months in arrears.  
Tom rose promptly to the occasion,  
and in all the stress of things found  
space to wonder how it chanced that  
he knew instinctively what to do and  
how to go about it. Before his infor-  
mation was an hour old a rush tele-  
gram had gone to his father, asking  
from arley would sail; asking also  
that certain documents be sent to a  
given New York address by first mail.  
This done, he laid the exigencies  
frankly before the examiners in the  
technical school, praying for such len-  
iency as might be extended under the  
circumstances. Since all things are  
possible for an honor-man, beloved of  
those whose mission it is to grind the  
human weapon to its edge, the diffi-  
culty in this field vanished. Mr. Gordon  
could go on with his examinations until  
his presence was needed elsewhere;  
and after the stressful moment he was  
passed he could return and finish.  
The return telegram from Gordon  
was a day late. Knowing diplomacy  
only by name, Caleb Gordon had gone  
directly to Dyckman for information  
regarding the Farleys' movements.  
Dyckman was polite to the general  
manager, but unhappily he knew noth-  
ing of Mr. Farley's plans. Caleb tried  
elsewhere, and the little mystery thick-  
ened. At his club, Mr. Farley had  
spoken of taking a Cunarder from Bos-  
ton; to a friend in the South Trede-  
mar Manufacturers' Association he had con-  
fided his intention of sailing from Phila-  
delphia. But at the railway ticket of-  
fice he had engaged Pullman reserva-  
tions for six persons to New York.  
This last was conclusive, as far as it  
went; and Japheth Pettigraas sup-  
plied the missing item. The Dabneys  
and the Farleys made one party, and  
Japheth knew the steamer and the  
sailing date.  
"Party will sail by White Star Line  
Baltic, New York, to-morrow. New  
York address, Fifth Avenue Hotel. Pa-  
pers to your care 271 Broadway by  
mail yesterday," was the message  
which was signed for by the door-  
keeper at the mines and metallurgy  
examination room in Boston, late in  
the forenoon of the second day; and  
Tom looked at the clock. Nothing  
would be gained by taking a train  
which would land him in New York  
late in the evening; so he plunged  
again into the examination pool and  
thought no more of Chlawassee Con-  
solidated until his paper on qualitative  
analysis had been neatly folded, dock-  
eted and handed to the examiner.  
(To be continued.)

**AT DANCING SCHOOL.**  
Some Children Enjoy the Diver-  
sion and Others Do Not.  
To most little girls and many little  
boys dancing school is a delight, but  
not to all. The mother of one small  
boy, who usually accompanies him to  
the class, tries to encourage him  
regularly as the faithful hour ap-  
proaches he is sunk in resentful and  
despairing gloom—and partly to en-  
joy the pretty spectacle, noticed one after-  
noon lately that although he had  
bowed correctly before several little  
girls in turn, he had failed to secure a  
partner. She beckoned him to her  
side.  
"Why wouldn't any of those little  
girls dance with you, Bobby?" she in-  
quired. "Did you ask them nicely?"  
"Well, mama," admitted Bobby, re-  
luctantly, "I'm not sure whether it  
was nice, exactly, but it was truthful;  
and you say I'm always to tell the  
truth. I said, 'May I have the pain of  
this dance with you?' and they would-  
n't any of them dance with me. But  
you know perfectly well, mama, it  
wouldn't have been true if I'd said  
'please.'"  
Bobby's partners, when he was in-  
duced to use a formula somewhat less  
frank, were almost always selected  
from among girls older and larger  
than himself. His mother remon-  
strated, adding, as she indicated a  
light and graceful little girl of some-  
thing less than his own years, "Why  
do you never ask little Katharine?"  
She danced beautifully.  
He turned a hateful eye on Kath-  
arine, who was indeed an admirable  
dancer, but a rather over-dressed, pre-  
cocious and noticeable child, and de-  
manded with indignant scorn:  
"Do you s'pose I'd be consoled  
by that kid?"  
His feelings were respected, and he  
was allowed the modified "pain" of  
selecting a more sedate partner.  
The shy little daughter of a dis-  
tinguished novelist, who was recent-  
ly sent for the first time to dancing  
school, had long dreaded the ordeal.  
Her father, knowing her fondness for  
poetry, tried to overcome her fears  
by familiarizing her mind with allur-  
ing songs and poems picturing the  
joyous sportiveness of the dance; and  
he appeared to have succeeded. Es-  
pecially was she pleased with the airy  
charm of the Shakespearean injunction  
to the fairies to "foot it feathery here  
and there," and with the Miltonic in-  
vitation to  
Come and trip it as ye go  
On the light fantastic toe.  
Thus poetically inspired, and cheer-  
ed also by the possession of a pair of  
fascinating bronze slippers with bead-  
ed bows, she started off in fair spirits.  
But alas! once arrived, bashfulness  
overpowered her, and she found the  
afternoon an embarrassing and un-  
happy experience. Returning home,  
she cast the treasured slippers wildly  
from her as she entered, flung herself  
into her father's arms and sobbed in  
a voice of miserable disillusionment:  
"I don't want to foot it feathery, papa.  
I don't want to! And oh, I don't want  
my toes fantastic! I like my every-  
day common sense last lots better!"—  
Youth's Companion.

**WHY, OF COURSE.**



Knicker—How do you figure out  
that the St. Louis exposition was bet-  
ter than the Paris exposition?  
Booker—It didn't cost so much to  
get there.

**A BURNING ERUPTION FROM  
HEAD TO FEET**  
"Four years ago I suffered severely  
with a terrible eczema, being a mass  
of sores from head to feet and for six  
weeks confined to my bed. During  
that time I suffered continual torture  
from itching and burning. After being  
given up by my doctor I was advised  
to try Cuticura Remedies. After the  
first bath with Cuticura Soap and ap-  
plication of Cuticura Ointment I en-  
joyed the first good sleep during my  
entire illness. I also used Cuticura  
Resolvent and the treatment was con-  
tinued for about three weeks. At the  
end of that time I was able to be  
about the house, entirely cured, and  
have felt no ill effects since. I would  
advise any person suffering from any  
form of skin trouble to try the Cuti-  
cure Remedies, as I know what they  
did for me. Mrs. Edward Nennings,  
1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y.,  
April 11, 1909."

**He Had Been Observing.**  
"Why don't you call your invention  
the 'Bachelor's Button'?" I asked my  
friend, who was about to put on the  
market a button that a man could at-  
tach without needle or thread.  
"I fear that the appellation would  
imply too much restrictiveness," he  
answered. "You see," he went on, giv-  
ing me one of his knowing smiles, "I  
expect to do just as much business  
with the married men as with the  
bachelors."

**Those Awful Roaches.**  
They sneak out on the kitchen sink  
and look at you saucily sometimes.  
Don't fret your life away dusting pow-  
ders in the crevices and buying insecti-  
cides. Make a hot suds with Easy  
Task soap and go after that sink. Mr.  
Roach and his family thrive where  
things are not clean, and it is hard to  
clean the cracks and crevices with or-  
dinary yellow soaps—it is impossible!  
Easy Task soap makes roaches hunt  
other quarters. It keeps moths out of  
woolens, too, if you use it in your  
laundry.

**An Exception.**  
Caller—Is Mrs. Brown at home?  
Artless Parlor Maid (smiling con-  
fidentially)—No, ma'am—she really is  
out this afternoon.

**DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.**  
Seventeen Years the Standard.  
Prescribed and recommended for  
Women's Ailments. A scientifically  
prepared remedy of proven worth.  
The result from their use is quick and  
permanent. For sale at all Drug  
Stores.

Whether the church shall stay in  
the world depends not on whether  
it will support it but on whether  
it will serve the world and save it.

**GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS.**  
Use the best. That's why they buy  
Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers 5 cents.

Theatrical expense accounts come  
under the head of play bills.

**Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles**

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent  
poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale people lack  
good, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating  
for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach.  
A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver  
active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives  
out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multi-  
tude of diseases.

**Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the Great Stomach Restorative, Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.**

You can't afford to accept any medicine of untested  
composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discov-  
ery," which is a medicine of known composition, having  
a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bot-  
tle-wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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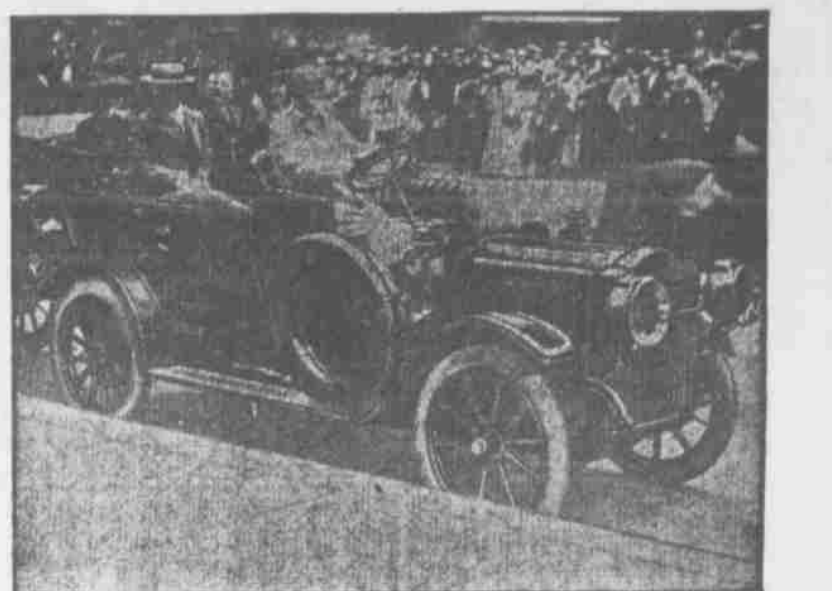
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**The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through a Long and Tiring Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American**

**The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family**



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.

After fifteen months' absence, exact-  
ly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore  
Roosevelt disembarked from the Kat-  
serin Augusta Victoria, Saturday morn-  
ing, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen  
disappointment of a large group of  
newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roose-  
velt absolutely refused, as heretofore,  
to be interviewed or to talk on politi-  
cal subjects, but his rapid fire of ques-  
tions showed the same virile interest  
in public affairs as before.  
If the welcome tendered by the  
vast throng may be considered a  
criterion upon which to base a "re-  
turn from Elba," surely there was no  
discordant note in the immense recep-  
tion-parade, nor in the wildly clamor-  
ous crowd which cheered at every  
glimpse and hung on his very word.

The incidents of the day in New  
York were many, but perhaps none  
better illustrated the nervous energy  
and vitality of the man, the near-man-  
ia to be up-and-doing, which he has  
brought back to us, than the discard-  
ing of horses and carriages for the  
swifter and more reliable automobiles.  
The moment the Roosevelt family and

Immediate party landed, they were  
whisked away in White Steamers to  
the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at  
435 Fifth avenue. A little later, when  
the procession reached the corner of  
Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue,  
Colonel Roosevelt again showed his  
preference for the motor car in gen-  
eral and the White cars in particular,  
when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Col-  
lector Loeb transferred from their car-  
riage to White Steamers, which were  
in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's  
house, the entire party, including  
Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White  
cars and were driven to Long Island  
City, where they were to take a spe-  
cial train to the ex-President's home  
at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars  
with the Roosevelt party was again  
demonstrated on Sunday, when the  
party was driven to church in the  
White Steamers, and a group of some  
forty prominent Rough Riders were  
taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a  
clambake at the Travers Island club-  
house of the New York Athletic Club.

**Your Liver is Clogged up**

That's Why You're Tired—Out of  
Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**  
will get you right  
in a few days.  
They do  
their duty.  
Care  
Constipa-  
tion, Bil-  
iousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE  
GENUINE must bear signature:

**Small Wood**

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream and Medical Beautifier.**

Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Eruptions, Moth Patches, Itchiness, and every blemish on the face, neck, and arms. Cleanses and softens the skin, and drives out all impurities. It is so simple to use, and so effective, that it is the only beauty preparation that is a success. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 1112 Salina St., New York.

"Gouraud's Cream" is the best of all the skin preparations. For sale by all druggists and fancy-goods dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

Ford, T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York

**WANTED** An agent in every city and town to sell the only good \$15 Vacuum Cleaner on the market. Superior to many of the \$25.00 machines. Liberal discounts. Write today for particulars.

**THE JUNIOR COMPANY** Bradford, Pa.

**Up-Set Sick Feeling**

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh! it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere, kills all flies, mosquitoes, house flies, and every pest that comes within its range. It is so simple to use, and so effective, that it is the only fly killer that is a success. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 1112 Salina St., New York.

"Gouraud's Fly Killer" is the best of all the fly killers. For sale by all druggists and fancy-goods dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

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